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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CHRISTIAN SONGS,

TRANSLATIONS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D

"THE SERVICE OF SONG."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Christian Songs, published in Philadelphia some years ago, are all contained in this volume, together with eight sacred, and fifteen other poems, not included in the last.

West Haverford,
Pennsylvania.
November, 1860.

CHRISTIAN SONGS.

"SING WITH THE HARP."

MINSTREL, my spirit is sorely dejected;
Take down thy harp from its place on the wall;—
Long has it slumber'd untun'd and neglected,
Long has its voice been unheard in the hall:
Tyrants have triumph'd, and all have consented,
Orphans are wrong'd, and the spoiler is glad,
Just men have perish'd, and none have lamented:—
Marvel not thou that my bosom is sad.

Teach thou the sorrowing chords to awaken
Thoughts of the dead, who for ages have slept,
Martyrs that shrank not though scorn'd and forsaken,—
Bards whom the people have honour'd and wept:—
Harp thou of heroes, the valiant, the chainless,
Bleeding for rights which the weak have betray'd;
Sing thou of Goodness, the lowly, the stainless,
Burning her incense unpriz'd in the shade.

When thou hast told of the lost and the dying,
Bid thou thy strain of lamenting to cease;—
Sing thou of Him, on whose promise relying
Guilt may have pardon, despair may have peace:
Sound thou of worlds, where the seraph is sweeping
Harpstrings unworn by the war-notes of men;
Lands of delight, where no mourner is weeping;—
So shall my spirit be tranquil again.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Now gather all our Saxon bards;
  Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs
  Of our own good Saxon tongue;
For, stronger far than hosts that march
  With battle-flags unfurl'd,
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,
  To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
  On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far,
  As Orkney's breakers roar:
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
  It floats on every gale,
And warms, with eloquence and song,
  The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage,
The fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's forest steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice,
Still mightier than his own.

It spreads where Winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal Summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozárk,
And Kansas' waters gleam:
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor-groves,
On seas of fierce Maláy,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombáy:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle-hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sydney's shelter'd beach:
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits,
And *those* with flowers of Spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desir'd,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admir'd,
With SHAKSPEARE'S deep and wondrous verse,
And MILTON'S lofty mind,
With ALFRED'S laws, and NEWTON'S lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day:
But, grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,
Our noble tongue and race:
Go forth prepar'd, in every clime,
To love and help each other,
And judge that they, who counsel strife,
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
  By good men pray'd for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise,
  Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When Earth's oppress'd and savage tribes
  Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,
  Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

A WELCOME SACRIFICE.

VAIN is the blood of rare and spotless herds
Pastur'd in meads where blue Clitumnus shines,
Vain are sweet gums from lands that Indus girds,
Or diamonds sought in deep Brazilian mines,
Vain are Iberian fruits, and perfum'd flowers
Rich as a Grecian sunset's purest dyes,
If deem'd, when worship claims thy holiest hours,
For HIM IN HEAVEN fit gift or sacrifice.

The flocks that roam on thrice ten thousand hills,
Each living thing that moves on shore and sea,
The gems and gold which gleam in caves and rills,
Saba's low shrub, and Lebanon's tall tree,
The fragrant tribes that spring on cliff and field,
That flush the stream, or fringe the smooth lake's brim,
Breathe, burn, and bloom, at His high will reveal'd,
And own with joy their Light and Lord in Him.

Our gains are His, and, laid before the Cross,
These must of our oblations form a part,
But oh! the choicest ores and gems are dross,
If brought without that pearl of price—the heart.
The poorest serf who fears a tyrant's nod,
Whose inmost soul hard bondage racks and wrings—
That toil-worn slave may send unseen to God
An offering far beyond the wealth of kings.

Come thou with breast from pride and passion freed,
Hands which no stain of guilt has ever soil'd,
Feet swift and strong for every gentle deed,
Faith, hope, and truth, by sordid crowds unspoil'd;
Come with a spirit full of generous love
For all beyond, and all below the skies:—
Make ready thou, for Him who reigns above,
The Christian's gift—A LIVING SACRIFICE.

THE BLEST OF EARTH.

THOU shalt not call *him* blest,
Though born to high command,
Who sees among his slaves
The nobles of his land;
Though banners bear his name
On many a shining fold,
Though sparkling gems are his,
And ruddy piles of gold.

Thou shalt not call *him* blest,
In lofty wisdom sage,
Whose searching eye has read
Creation's boundless page;
Who gathers round his hearth
The wise of ancient days;
Whose words the learn'd and great
Of other times shall praise.

But thou shalt call *him* blest,
Though all unknown to fame,
Whose righteous works adorn
The Christian's sacred name;
Who loves the toilsome path,
That high Apostles trod;
Who keeps, with humble faith,
The just decrees of God.

A CHILD AT PLAY.

A ROSY child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He rais'd, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower,—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Call'd that boy builder home to sleep:—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are those deem'd great of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of Earth.
Gold, learning, glory!—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

THE NOBLE MARINER.

When the ship Ocean Monarch was burned off Liverpool, on the 24th of August, 1848, FREDERICK JEROME of New York saved the lives of fifteen passengers, who must otherwise have perished.

SHOUT the noble seaman's name,
Deeds like *his* belong to fame:
Cottage roof and kingly dome,
Sound the praise of brave Jerome.
Let his acts be told and sung,
While his own high Saxon tongue,
Herald meet for worth sublime,
Peals from conquer'd clime to clime.

Madly roll'd the giant wreck,
Fiercely blaz'd the riven deck,
Thick and fast as falling stars,
Crash'd the flaming blocks and spars;
Loud as surf, when winds are strong,
Wail'd the scorch'd and stricken throng,
Gazing on a rugged shore,
Fires behind, and seas before.

On the charr'd and reeling prow,
Reft of hope, they gather now;
Finding, one by one, a grave,
In the vex'd and sullen wave:
Here the child, as if in sleep,
Floats on waters dark and deep;
There the mother sinks below,
Shrieking in her mighty woe.

Britons, quick to strive or feel,
Join'd with chiefs of rich Brazil:
Western freemen, prompt to dare,
Side by side with Bourbon's heir;
Proving who could *then* excel,
Come with succour long and well;
But Jerome, in peril nurs'd,
Shone among the foremost—First.

Through the redden'd surge and spray,
Fast he cleaves his troubled way;
Boldly climbs and stoutly clings,
On the smoking timber springs;
Fronts the flames, nor fears to stand
In that lorn and weeping band;
Looks on death, nor tries to shun,
Till his work of love is done.

Glorious man!—immortal work!
Claim thy hero, proud New York;
Harp of him when feasts are spread,
Tomb him with thy valiant dead.
Who, that, bent on just renown,
Seeks a Christian's prize and crown,
Would not spurn whole years of life,
For one hour of *such* a strife?

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

THE rough winds were warring on broad Galilee,
And the fathomless waters roll'd foaming and free,
The strong blasts of Hermon came down in their might,
And the palms of Manasseh were bow'd on their height;

But no refuge was near for the perishing bark,
When the breakers were loud, and the surges were dark;—
The storm was about with its riot and din,
And the mourners of Judah sat weeping within.

Through the rack of the tempest, the mist of the wave,
A wakeful Preserver came hasting to save:—
The turbulent waters rejoic'd as He trod,
And the lightnings rush'd thronging to welcome their God.

He spake, and the blue depth lay shining and still,
The voice of the cedars was hush'd on the hill;
The billow slept radiant with stars on the shore,
And the revelling thunders were dreadful no more.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

If thou dost truly seek to live
With all the joys that life can give;
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness;

Go thou, with fresh and fervent love,
To Him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their guardian tree;
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed,
Be His in thought, and word, and deed;

And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle chain'd, with wings unfurl'd,
Prepar'd, when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to Heaven.

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of September, 1846, a Mexican woman was seen going about among the disabled of both armies, binding up their wounds, and supplying them with food and water. While thus employed she fell. She was on the following day buried by the Americans, who had even then to bear an incessant discharge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

THE strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flash'd the strong battery's vengeful gun;
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And, on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parch'd and fever'd lips;
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot, and flaming shell,
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell.

They laid her in a narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breath'd, and tears were shed,
Above that lowly resting-place:—
Ay! Glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy, such as hers,
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease:—
They heed alike *our* praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey.

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

Ay! cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial Spring is here;—
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year:—
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And, wish'd for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In purple clusters strown:—
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze, that wanders by,
Reveals their hiding-place.

While, heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue,
Go, mark thou well the scents and dyes,
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live like them unseen,
To pass unseen away:—
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

THE RETURN TO LEZAYRE.

Lezayre is the name of a beautiful district in the Isle of Man.

I CAME to the place where my childhood had dwelt,
To the hearth where in early devotion I knelt;—
The fern and the bramble grew wild in the hall,
And the long grass of summer wav'd green on the wall:
The roof-tree was fallen, the household had fled,
The garden was ruin'd, the roses were dead,
The wild bird flew scar'd from her desolate stone,
And I breath'd in the home of my boyhood—alone.

That moment is past, but it left on my heart
A remembrance of sadness which will not depart;—
I have wander'd afar since that sorrowful day,
I have wept with the mournful, and laugh'd with the gay;
I have lived with the stranger, and drank of the rills,
Which go warbling their music on loftier hills;
But I never forgot, in rejoicing or care,
That mouldering hearth, and those hills of Lezayre.

Yet droop not, my spirit, nor hopelessly mourn
Over ills which the best and the wisest have borne:—
Though the greetings of love, and the voices of mirth,
May for ever be hush'd in the homesteads of Earth;
Though the dreams and the dwellings of childhood deca
And the friends whom we cherish go hasting away,
No young hopes are scatter'd, no heart-strings are riven,
No partings are known in the households of Heaven.

A KING'S MEMORIAL.

The grave of Mac Thuil, King of Imail, may be seen at Glendalough, a well-known valley of Ireland surrounded by the Wicklow mountains. It lies neglected beside a ruined Church, and is covered with a rough stone bearing this inscription:—"Behold the resting place of the body of King Mac Thuil, who died in Jesus, 1010."

The place is wild and desolate,
Which holds a monarch's dust;
No pyramid stands proudly there,
No column, urn, or bust:—
He sleeps where ruins strow the ground,
Within a sunless vale,
The chief who led, in days long past,
The tribes of broad Imail.

He reign'd where glad Ovoca rolls
Its waters calm and pure;
He chas'd the red deer up the rocks
Of misty Glenmalure;
For him brave clansmen drew their swords,
And minstrels wak'd their strains,
But wealth, strength, power and song have fled:
His tomb alone remains.

His tomb?—One moss'd and mouldering stone,
From Erin's mountains rent,
Lies hidden in the tall rank weeds,
His earthly monument:—
Go thou, who scornest paths of peace,
Resolv'd to shine or rule,
And look on that last heritage,
That house of king Mac Thuil.

Yet, ere thou turn thine eyes away,
Or hasten to depart,
Take thou this truth from Glendalough,
And write it on thy heart:
"Years as they fleet, make spoil of all,
That proud men seek or prize,
But nought shall tear the crown from him
Who blest in Jesus dies."

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

HARSH is the voice, and loud the war
  Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
  The Sun wakes up our northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep
  Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rifted steep,
  The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
  On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
  Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
  The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
  No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of his radiant skies:—
Look thou on Night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo, the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest:
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:—
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers, from His starry throne,
"LOOK UP, O MAN, AND TRUST IN GOD."

THOU ART GONE TO THE SHORES OF THE SERAPH'S LAND.

A tribute to the virtues and genius of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow.

THOU art gone to the shores of the seraph's land,
To the sacred place of the righteous band;
Thou hast fled afar, like some forest bird
When the leaves of her dwelling are rudely stirr'd;
Thy lyre has dust on its ruin'd string,
Thy bride is sad in her flowery spring,
Thy foot—unseen on the temple floor,
Thy voice—unheard at the poor man's door.

Young Soldier of Truth, thou didst raise thy shield,
With its blood-red Cross, on a stormy field;
Thou didst look unmov'd on the banner'd throng,
When the friend was cold, and the foe was strong;
In the front of the battle we saw thee stand,
With a fearless heart, and a forward hand;
We did hope that the glories of coming years
Would cluster about thee:—we thought not of tears.

But go:—it was better to die thus young,
When thy praise was loud upon every tongue;
It was happier far than to linger on,
Till the bloom and freshness of life were gone:
Since the seal was set on thy noble brow,
Thou hast kept thy promise, and paid thy vow,
And, when suns and systems shall fade and fall,
Those works of thine shall outlive them all.

THE REJOICING OF THE VALIANT.

The scene described in these lines occurred in the memorable retreat of the Greeks, after the battle of Cunaxa.

In many a conflict worn and spent,
A fearless though forsaken band
Of twice five thousand soldiers went,
Treading a strange and hostile land:
From far Cunaxa's reeking field,
To the dark Euxine's briny flood,
They march'd with banner, spear, and shield,
Winning each league by toil and blood.

They climb'd a steep and rugged peak,
The tallest of a lofty chain,
Still unsubdued, though sad and weak
With half their number lost or slain,
When loud and wild a thrilling cry
Comes rolling from the distant van:—
Do foemen lurk in ambush nigh?
Are warriors charging man to man?

"THE SEA!" "THE SEA!"—At those glad words,
Each swift to gain the foremost rank,
The spearmen rush'd, as thirsting herds
Go bounding to the river's bank;—
They came, like dusky vapours roll'd
In masses by the raging blast,
And gazed—on that broad sea which told
Of glory won, and danger past.

Christian, thy way like theirs may lie
Through many a scene of strife and woe,
And every point that meets thine eye
May hold a stern and watchful foe;—
Yet droop thou not, nor ever leave
The post which God assigns to thee:
Valour and truth at last receive
The sweet rewards of victory.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

He envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.

He sigh'd not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;
He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.

He walk'd on Earth, as wood-streams pass
Conceal'd beneath the freshen'd grass;—
His were pure thoughts, and humble faith,
A blameless life, and tranquil death.

He kept, in days of strife and wrath,
The Christian's straight and narrow path;—
But weep thou not:—we must not weep,
When they, who rest in Jesus, sleep.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND.

The local allusions in this song make it necessary to state that it was written in Scotland, after visiting the mountain scenery round Castletown of Braemár.

Blast of the mountain, the strongest, the fleetest,
Sounding at eve in the pines of Braemár,—
Breeze of the desert, the purest, the sweetest,
Warbling alone on the moorlands afar,—
Hasten full soon from the fields of thy freedom,
Play round my bosom, and steal o'er my brow;—
Harp-strings of Morven, and perfumes of Edom,
Bring not my spirit such gladness as thou.

Come from the brake where the wild bird is singing,
Come from the fresh bank that gladdens the bee,
Come from the cliff where the blue-bell is springing,
Hidden from all but the sunbeam and thee;—
Rise in thy strength from the vale of thy slumbers;
Waken!—my spirit has pined for thee long;—
Oh for the music that swells in thy numbers!
Oh for the wildness that breathes in thy song!

Welcome, sweet playmate and friend of my childhood!
Thou art the same that I loved in my youth;—
Others were false as those leaves in the wild wood,
Thou still retainest thy freshness and truth;—
Thou still rejoicest, in melody roaming
Through the long fern, where the dew-spangles gleam;
Thou, when the swift brooks are turbidly foaming,
Dashest the spray from the vex'd mountain stream.

Bard of the hill, when thy harping is loudest,
Bid me not think with the tyrant or slave;
Teach me to strive with the worst and the proudest,
Fearless, as thou with steep Garval's dark wave;—
Teach me to rise with a lofty devotion,
Pure, as thou rovest the blossoming sod,
Sweeping the chords with a sacred emotion,
Singing of TRUTH, and REDEMPTION, and GOD.

TRUST NOT IN MAN.

"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man."

Thou hast spoken of glories above,
Of freedom, and friendship, and love;—
In the former the wise must believe,
But the latter are—sounds which deceive.

They are names, as thou sadly shalt know,
Of delights which endure not below;
They are idle as words, which the hand
Of a stripling has traced on the sand.

Thy days yet to come may seem fair,
With no shade of deceit or despair;
Strange light on thy pathway may shine,
Great thoughts and high hopes may be thine.

But false as the vapours that sleep,
Like islands, afar on the deep,
Are the phantoms of goodness and truth,
Which are seen in the visions of youth.

Beware then, and place not thy trust
In those that are form'd out of dust:
They are feeble, and faithless, and vain;—
Dream not that *their* smiles will remain.

They are friends whom misfortune will change,
Whom distance or years will estrange;—
They will flatter yet fail in thy need:—
Trust HIM "that is faithful" indeed.

THE WELCOME LAND.

Once, on a fresh and fragrant eve,
I wander'd up an island steep;—
The tints, which rosy sunsets leave,
Lay purple on the heaving deep;—
A day of tempest dark and stern
Was closing in an hour as bright,
As ever gemm'd the summer fern,
Or turn'd the mountain streams to light.

Unmindful of the breakers' war
That raged along the lonely strand,
I watch'd beyond the waves afar
The steep hills of my own green land:
Long had I chas'd them o'er the sea,
By surge and tempest toss'd and driven,
And there they rose to welcome me,
Cloth'd in the fairest hues of heaven.

Heir of eternal life, be strong,
Nor in thy darkest hour repine:
Though pain and sorrow chase thee long,
A land more beauteous far is thine:—
Ay! though thou fall, unwept, unblest,
Thy monument a blasted sod,
Thine is the Christian's pleasant rest,
Thine are the radiant courts of God.

A GRAVE IN THE OZARKS.

A young Englishman of great worth died, as here described, among the Ozárk mountains in Missouri.

Low on a forest bed
A weary pilgrim lay;
A fever scorch'd his brow,
His home was far away:
September trod in light
The blue Missourian sky,
When that sad wanderer sought
The red man's hut—to die.

He cross'd the surging deep
From England's noble shore,
To learn in pathless wilds
The forest's secret lore:
He climb'd Ozárk's green hills,
Where free swarth hunters dwell;—
The fatal season came,
The lonely stranger fell.

As Huron's clear wave breaks,
Hush'd on a desert strand,
He bow'd his head, and died
In that far mountain land:—
His sun went down in peace,
He felt no doubts or fears,
For he had kept the faith,
From boyhood's happy years.

Beside a swift dark stream,
The woodman dug a grave,
Where dewy blossoms spring,
And dusky branches wave:—
On that sepulchral turf
No breathing marble weeps,
But angels know the place,
Where that young Christian sleeps.

THE TORRENT OF ARABIA.

The mountains of Arabia contain numerous springs, which, fed by the yearly rains, send streams of water through the valleys that descend towards the low country. Most of them, however, are lost in the sand, as soon as they enter the plain. It may be well to add that an Arabian tent is, in general, black, and that Ahkaf is the name of an extensive desert.

All foaming down its native hills
The torrent of Arabia leaps,
When showers have swell'd its fountain rills,
Far up the blue and airy steeps:
Like some chaf'd steed that spurns the rein,
In raging fulness swift and free,
It rushes to the fiery plain,
Bounding to reach the distant sea.

And now those deep cool waters glide
Along the green and narrow vale,
Where broad trees arch the crystal tide,
And fragrance breathes in every gale:—
The dusky tent and flowery slope
Lie mirror'd in that wave at first,
And there the timid antelope
Oft stoops to quench her noonday thirst.

But, ere the wide and wild expanse
Of Ahkaf's burning sand is cross'd,
That stream, so full and foaming once,
Sinks on its rough way spent and lost:—
Lost in its sultry wanderings,
And hush'd in an eternal sleep,
It wastes unmark'd, and never brings
One tribute to the mighty deep.

Weak as that torrent's failing wave
Art thou who, born for Heaven and Truth,
Hast lived a false world's meanest slave,
Shaming a blest and glorious youth;—
Who, vow'd in life's first happiest day
To generous faith and deeds of worth,
Hast fainted on thy heavenward way,
Press'd by the vain low cares of Earth.

THE PROPHETS.

Hast thou look'd on the worlds which are shining afar?
Hast thou thought of a land where the sorrowless are?
Hast thou sigh'd for repose in some region of bliss,
When assail'd by the storms and the dangers of this?

Hast thou wept at thy bondage, and long'd to be free,
When the proud or the faithless were frowning on thee,
When the sorrows of manhood have wasted thy cheek,
When thy knowledge was vain, and thy reason was weak?

If thou hast, thou shalt find in the Prophets reveal'd
For thy soul in its warfare a sword and a shield,
A voice from The Wisdom that angels obey,
A promise of glories which pass not away.

Thou shalt read of a Victor triumphantly borne,
In the march of whose thousands no captive shall mourn;
A King, in whose mercy the faithful shall trust,
When the trumpet shall call them to rise from the dust.

"SORROW TURNED INTO JOY."

YES! pain and care have left too soon
A blight upon thy heart and brow,
As cold winds kill the leaves of June,
Blasting the forest's greenest bough;

Yet, breathe thy soul's deep grief to none,
Nor weep that earthly joys decay;—
Say thou, "my God! Thy will be done:"—
Night's darkest hour is lost in day.

The path which lies through toil and woe,
The path which saints and martyrs trod,
Though rough and painful here below,
Leads upward to the throne of God.

Then mail anew thy stricken breast,
Be firm in faith, be strong in love,
And thou shalt find eternal rest
In that unchanging world above.

OH! STEAL NOT THOU MY FAITH AWAY.

Oh! steal not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt a lowly mind;
Make all, that Earth can yield, thy prey,
But leave this heavenly gift behind:—
Our hope is but the seaboy's dream
When loud winds rise in wrath and gloom;—
Our life—a faint and fitful beam
That lights us to the cold dark tomb.

Yet, since, as One from Heaven has said,
There lies beyond that dreary bourn
A region, where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn,
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning waste, the black abyss;
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which leads me to that world of bliss.

Then hush, thou troubled heart, be still;—
Renounce thy vain philosophy;—
Seek thou to work thy Maker's will,
And light from Heaven shall break on thee,
To glad thee in the weary strife,
Where strong men sink with failing breath;—
To cheer thee in the noon of life,
And bless thee in the night of death.

"IT IS FINISHED."

It is finish'd:—thy dwellings, O Salem, are strown,
Thy daughters are weeping in exile alone,
The lances of Judah lie wasted with rust,
And the ramparts of Zion are laid in the dust.

The Cedron is dyed with thy gore as it runs,
The torch in thy temple, the chain on thy sons;
The blood of The Guiltless is red on thy brow,
And the arm which upheld thee abandons thee now.

It is finish'd:—the work of Redemption is done,
The combat is ended, the victory won;
The spoiler of Eden has fled from the field,
The portals of glory stand brightly reveal'd:

The toil of a sinless Redeemer is past,
And the shout of the Gentile is loud on the blast;—
A luminous dayspring has dawn'd on his night,
And "the isles of the heathen" are waking in light.

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;—
They lift their dewy buds and bells,
In garden, mead, and field:—
They lurk in every sunless path,
Where forest children tread;—
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf,
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind,
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees:—
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come, with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime:
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom, while they stay.

"If God, they whisper, smiles on *us*,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, O faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine?
Think, too, what joys await in Heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woos thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!"

Redeemer of a fallen race,
Most merciful of kings,
Thy hallow'd words have cloth'd with power
Those frail and beauteous things:—
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

BE THOU, OH GOD, MY GUARD AND GUIDE.

Be thou, Oh God, my guard and guide,
Where proud and wrathful men abide;
Make me, as Thou, Eternal! art,
Righteous in act, and pure in heart.

When doubts or stormy passions roll
Thick darkness o'er my troubled soul,
Teach Thou my trembling lips to pray,
Dash Thou the rising tear away.

When struggling in the dreary strife
Which marks the fairest path of life,
Support me if I faint or fall,
Raise Thou thy weeping prodigal.

Lord, may I come by faith at last,
When this world's cares and toils are past,
To that serene and happy shore,
Where guilt and sorrow wound no more.

And may I, in that world of bliss,
Meet all the friends I loved in this,
The sharers of my hopes and fears,
The deeply loved of vanish'd years.

Be mine the Christian's virtues, Lord,
Be mine the Christian's high reward:
A spring beam on a Polar sea,
Thy mercy, God, will shine on me.

THE TEMPEST STILLED.

THE strong wind burst on Judah's sea,
Far peal'd the raging billow,
The fires of heaven flash'd wrathfully,
When Jesus press'd his pillow:
The light frail bark was fiercely toss'd,
From surge to dark surge leaping,
For sails were torn and oars were lost,
Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roar'd,
And blasts went howling round her,
Those Hebrews rous'd their wearied Lord,—
"Lord, help us or we founder!"
He said "Ye waters, peace, be still!"—
The chaf'd waves sank reposing,
As wild herds rest on field and hill,
When clear calm days are closing.

And turning to the startled men
  Who watch'd that surge subsiding,
He spake in mournful accents then
  These words of righteous chiding,—
"O ye who thus fear wreck and death,
  As if by Heaven forsaken,
How is it that ye have *no* faith,
  Or faith so quickly shaken?"

Then, then, those doubters saw with dread
  The wondrous scene before them;
Their limbs wax'd faint, their boldness fled,
  Strange awe stole creeping o'er them:—
"This, this, they said, is Judah's Lord,
  For powers divine array Him:
Behold! He does but speak the word,
  And winds and waves obey Him!"

THE FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT.

O'ER Pharaoh's wide domain,
The sun went brightly down,
On many a lofty fane,
And many an ancient town:—
The revel song was breath'd,
The starry lamps were fair,
The banquet crowns were wreath'd,
And all were joyful there.

But, ere the morning smil'd
On temple, stream, and flower,
A wailing strange and wild
Went up from tent and tower:—
The ruler's porphyry halls,
The shepherd's reedy shed,
The dungeon's sunless walls,
All mourn'd an inmate—dead.

For sudden wrath went forth
O'er that rebellious land,
Which deem'd of little worth
Jehovah's dread command;
And smote the eldest-born,
With an avenging sword,
Of those who dared to scorn
His high and awful word.

The monarch's wail is loud,
The stubborn heart is bent,
The lofty neck is bow'd,
The Hebrew's chain is rent;
Vain is the warrior's trust;—
The despot's iron rod
Lies broken in the dust
Before a frowning God.

GOODNESS ALONE RENOWNED.

"The seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned."

UNHOLY contemner of compact and vow,
Shall the minstrel come weaving a wreath for thy brow?
No! the banner may gorgeously wave on thy wall,
The proud and the lovely may bend in thy hall;
The tribes of the fearless may rush to the field,
Where the gleam of thine eagles is sternly reveal'd;
But the song of the bard is unpurchas'd and free,
And his harp has no voice for thy trophies and thee.

Though rare be the poet, and artful the strain,
If he trusts but in falsehood, his efforts are vain;
He parts with his genius, his worth, and his might,
When he fawns on the godless, and falls from the right.
Unbless'd be the birth-place, unlov'd be the name,
Unhallow'd the grave-turf, undying the shame,
Of him who would stoop, from the great and divine,
To pluck from oblivion such triumphs as thine.

Away! for thy laurels are drooping and red;
All the bloom, which they brought from the forest, has fled;
They are scorch'd by the curse of the noble and brave,
They are soil'd by the praise of the wanton and slave:
Thou hast look'd upon wisdom, with coldness or hate,
And the prayer of the weak has been spurn'd at thy gate;
Thou hast scoff'd at the righteous, and warr'd with the free:
Go!—renown has no word of memorial for thee.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

A YOUTHFUL stranger walk'd alone
In a great city's busiest place;—
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face;
He trod that long and weary street,
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,
But none were nigh to cheer or greet,—
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,
And felt the strange deep loneliness,
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:—
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,
He felt a sore and saddening throng
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought,
A messenger appear'd at hand,
Who to that mourning pilgrim brought
A letter from his own fair land :—
Eager as if it search'd a mine,
His eye the welcome page explor'd,
And, as he read each glowing line,
Hope, gladness, life—were all restor'd.

Yet mightier than the voice from home,
Which nerv'd that drooping exile's breast,
Those words of thine, REDEEMER, come
To calm our fears and give us rest :—
When, in some sad and sunless hour,
We pine for smiles and tones of love,
They bid us look, through storm and shower,
To Thee our LIGHT and LIFE above.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD! Thou art He, whose arm of might
First hung with worlds this arch of night;
Thine is the sacred vesper hour,
Thine the fresh turf, and closing flower;—
These ancient woods, that twilight sea,
Those meads and mountains speak of Thee.

Thine are the dews which fall unseen
On forest glade, and village green;
Thine is the pure and playful gale
That warbles in the fragrant vale;
Above, below, Thy glories shine;—
STRENGTH, WISDOM, GOODNESS, Lord, are Thine.

King of the broad and radiant skies,
Bless thou my song and sacrifice;
Breathe o'er my soul, this tranquil even,
Unearthly peace and dreams of Heaven;
Sweet dreams to cheer me press'd again
By the rude war of wrongful men.

And when those years to come shall throw
Their chillness o'er my bosom's glow,
Serene, as that departing ray
Which lights the mountains far away,
Let me withdraw from Earth to be
Redeem'd and blest, O God, with Thee.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun:
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course;—
They meet unmov'd the fierce wind's rage,—
The rough wave's sweeping force:—
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But, faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here below,
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breath'd,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven:—
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.

The Christian Banner! Dread no loss
Where *that* broad ensign floats unroll'd,
But let the fair and sacred Cross
Blaze out from every radiant fold:—
Stern foes arise, a countless throng,
Loud as the storms of Kara's sea,
But, though the strife be fierce and long,
That Cross shall wave in victory.

Sound the shrill trumpet, sound, and call
The people of the Mighty King,
And bid them keep that standard all
In martial thousands gathering;—
Let them come forth from every clime,
That lies beneath the circling sun,
Various, as flowers in that sweet time
When flowers are born,—in heart but one.

Soldiers of Heaven! take sword and shield,
Look up to HIM who rules on high,
And forward to the glorious field,
Where noble martyrs bleed and die;—
Press onward, scorning flight or fear,
As deep waves burst on Norway's coast,
And let the startled nations hear
The war-shout of a Christian host.

Lift up the Banner:—rest no more,
Nor let this righteous warfare cease,
Till man's last tribe shall bow before
THE LORD OF LORDS—THE PRINCE OF PEACE:—
Go!—bear it forth, ye strong and brave;
Let not those bright folds once be furl'd,
Till that high sun shall see them wave
Above a blest but conquer'd world.

A CHRISTIAN STRIFE.

Written when public meetings for the relief of Ireland were held in all parts of the United States.

Ay! these are, Columbia, the counsels and words—
High counsels of wisdom—pure breathings of worth—
That, better than armies and stronger than swords,
Can give thee the crown and the sceptre of Earth:—
When perishing thousands are weeping afar,
To do that which thou in thy greatness hast done—
This, this is Love's guiltless and merciful war;—
Here foes may be scatter'd, and fields may be won.

The life-giving ship which shall float to that land,
With the stars of thy banner unfurl'd at the mast,
Will raise a memorial more lasting and grand,
Than all thy fair trophies bequeath'd from the past;
And when those yet unborn their stern verdict shall give.
On all that were mighty to save or to slay,
This generous work will outshine and outlive
The toils and the glories of red Monterey.

Thy praises shall sound in the green Innisfail,
From the crags of Bengore to the sands of Tralee:—
On mountain and hill-side, in lowland and vale,
They will speak with full hearts of thy children and thee:
By the Foyle and the Bandon, in legend and song,
They will tell how their fathers, remov'd and at rest,
When the skies were all dark, and the tempest wax'd strong,
Saw MERCY'S high stormbow first arching the west.

Then forward and faint not, nor lose thou thy fame;
On, on, with the force and the fervour of youth;—
No vanishing splendour shall blaze round thy name,
If thou be but valiant for goodness and truth.
The soldier, who struggles for victory, bears
To the murderous conflict the lance and the sword;—
Know thou that a weapon more potent is theirs,
Who share with the falling the gifts of their Lord.

LONGING FOR HOME.

Suggested by an Ode of Casimir Sarbiewski.

THE glories of my FATHER'S land
  Wake many a keen desire,—
Its realms of ether broad and deep,
  Its orbs of sacred fire,
Its climate ever purely bright,
  Its halls and harps of gold,
Its people free from guilt and death,
  Its joys which grow not old.

Ye radiant hosts, that strictly keep
  Your ceaseless watch on high,
Walking in fair and holy ranks,
  The wide and azure sky,
Behold one form'd to climb and range
  Those fields of lucid blue;
Support one worn by strife and pain,
  Far off from Heaven and you.

Yet know that He, who cares for all,
And rules by laws divine,
Who bids me toil in grief and gloom,
While ye rejoice and shine,
Has said that meek and steadfast faith
His choicest gifts ensures:—
A Christian's place and state with Him
Shall more than equal yours.

Be mine the green and dewy turf—
The turf which wraps the dead,
With trees and flowers to wave and bloom
Above my last low bed.
I fain would leave this weary world:—
Dwellers in yon starr'd dome,
Bend earthward from your shining seats,
And take an exile home.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

OH! sweep the loud harp's tuneful strings,
Break forth, like song-birds after showers,
To tell how He—the King of kings—
Came to this ruin'd world of ours:—
If angels beam'd on Judah's hills,
And bid those watchers then rejoice,
Shall we, whose ears that message fills,
Mock with cold hearts the sacred voice?

When He— the Son of God—was born,
We walk'd in darkness far astray,
But, fair as Greenland's arctic morn,
He chas'd our long drear night away:—
His head that manger cradle press'd,
He toil'd and suffer'd many a year,
To give the fainting nations rest,
To dry the mourner's bitter tear.

Who, who, that ever breath'd on Earth,
Bard, prophet, hero, saint, or sage,
Gave cause like *this* for righteous mirth,
To men of every clime and age?
Oh! it were shameful and unwise
Before those waning lights to fall,
Yet look, with cold and careless eyes,
On Him—THE CENTRAL SUN OF ALL.

Go, tell the trembling slave of guilt,
Whose breast is sad, whose eye is dim,
That Just One's sacred blood was spilt,
To win back Heaven's lost smile for him:—
All, all may join HIS glorious bands,
In that far world of light and bliss,
Who keep HIS pure and high commands,
With meek and faithful hearts in this.

IMAGES OF GOD.

Not from the noble quarry,
  Nor from the wealthy mine,
Shalt thou bring images of God
  To deck His house or shrine:
Carrara's marble mountains
  Before His face are dim;
The purest gold, that Sibir yields,
  Recoils abash'd at Him.

Canova's art and chisel
  Could faultless beauty give;
His glowing thought and magic touch
  Could make dead marble live;—
For him lost Nymphs and Heroes
  Would from the rough block spring;
But weak were all Canova's skill
  To frame the seraph's King,

In stone of snowy whiteness
And precious ores of Earth,
Triumphant Genius carves or moulds
All shapes of human birth ;—
He calls up forms and features,
Which never yet have been,
But vainly will he toil or think
To show—THE GREAT UNSEEN.

If thou wouldst find his likeness,
Search where the lowly dwell,
The faithful few that keep His laws
Not boastfully but well:
Mark those who walk rejoicing
The way which Jesus trod;—
Thus only shalt thou see below
FIT IMAGES OF GOD.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

To Heaven, where tears and sighs
Are lost in endless bliss,
How beautiful to rise
From such a world as this,—
To burst our chains, and flee away
To those high realms of lasting day!

There God's bright cherubim,
Harping on golden chords,
Chant many a lofty hymn,
In sweet and glowing words:
The saddening thoughts and plaintive tone
Of earthly songs are there unknown.

They too of woman born,
Who prov'd what faith will dare,
Unbow'd by scourge or scorn,
Are blest for ever there.
They brav'd the foeman's torch and sword,
They won the victor's great reward.

Who, that has ever shed
One penitential tear,
Who, that has toil'd or bled
For truth, would linger here,
Nor long to join the sacred band,
The shining host of that fair land?

THE VENAL SANCTUARY.

I TROD the hallow'd ground that bore
A Christian temple tall and proud,
When at each wide and lofty door
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd:—
A welcome day bid all rejoice—
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a token mark'd the fold
Where rich and high believers meet,
The sacred volume clasp'd in gold,
The costly robe, and drowsy seat:—
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate—
That ample fane, from vault to spire,
Look'd solemn all and calmly great.

But mark! An old and weary man—
A stranger clad "in raiment vile,"
With failing steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle:—
They cast *him* out—Oh faithless race!
On some rude bench—despis'd—remote,—
Convicted, in *that* hour and place,
Of—a lean purse and threadbare coat!

Yes! and if He, who saved the lost,
Stood fainting on that haughty floor,
Array'd in weeds of little cost,
Meek as He sought our world before;
In spite of words which none might blame,
And works of goodness freely done,
That sordid post of scorn and shame
Would greet—JEHOVAH'S ONLY SON.

Oh for a prophet's tongue or pen,
To warn the great in wealth and birth,
Who build their God a house, and then
Plant there—the meanest pomps of Earth;—
To brand that Church, which spurns the poor
From every vain and venal pew,
Where "cloth'd in purple" herd secure
To kneel or sleep—the lordly few!

Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than Earth's most noble fane
Defil'd by selfish pomp and pride:
Give me the damp and desert sod
Wall'd in by dark old forest trees,
Roof'd over by the skies of God,
But perish temples such as these!

A POET'S LAST SONG.

MAKE me a grave in the pines of the mountain,
The pines which I loved in the days that are past;—
There let the stream, as it falls from the fountain,
Mingle its hymn with the moan of the blast:
Free on my turf, when the spring is returning,
Leave thou the bird of the desert to breed;—
There, when the red beam of summer is burning,
Oft let the herd of the wilderness feed.

Fleeting and few were the joys which I tasted,
Fool'd by the teachings of error so long;—
Noble and high were the gifts which I wasted,
Heedless of all but my mood and my song:—
Worthless and mean were my strain and my story—
The feast and the wine-cup, the sword and the fray:—
Faith with its grandeur, and Truth with its glory,
Shed not their light on my life or my lay.

Son of my God, who wast laid in the manger,
Mark my repentance, and pity my doom.—
Thou who wast tried by temptation and danger,
Thou that hast vanquish'd the cross and the tomb!
Vengeful and loud when the trumpet is ringing,
Sounding the dirge of the field and the sea,
Grant me a place, where the ransom'd are singing
Anthems which speak of Redemption and Thee.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

MORTAL, whom choice or chance has hither led
To muse among the dwellings of the dead,
Look on this grave and drop one sacred tear:—
The good—the young—the gifted—slumbers here.

CHRISTIAN, whose earnest heart and upward eye
Are fixed on deathless realms beyond the sky;
Be glad for one whose work is nobly done,
Whose suffering past, whose crown of glory won.

THE RIVER SACO.

The Saco has its springs in New Hampshire, near the celebrated "NOTCH" of the White or Agiocochook Mountains, and reaches the Atlantic after a winding course through the State of Maine. It receives the waters of many lakes and streams, passes over numerous falls, and is throughout remarkable for its clearness and beauty.

From Agiocochook's granite steeps,
  Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
  Down the gray mountain's rugged side;—
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
  Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above them frowns or shines
  The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength it swiftly takes
  Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
  Retreating from the glare of day;—
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
  From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
  Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.

Here, with low voice, it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake;—
Now sweeping on it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee;—
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar;—
There, on old ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream, it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none,—
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of Earth.

THE ROCK IN THE ATLANTIC.

In the sleepless Atlantic, remote and alone,
Is a rock which the wild waves all wrathfully beat;—
Its echoing bulwarks with sea-drift are strown,
And dark are the waters that roll at its feet:
Let the shrill winds of ocean go forth as they may,
It wars with the surges, and knows not of rest;—
Its pinnacles drip with the fast-falling spray,
And billows are breaking in foam on its breast.

But though breakers and whirlwinds around it may sweep,
That hermit of ocean lives conquering on,
And the mariner sees it still fronting the deep,
As it flung back the surf in the years that are gone:
All worn but unshaken that desolate rock,
Fast rooted where islands and earthquakes are born,
Looks fearlessly down on the breaker's rude shock,
And laughs the vain force of the tempest to scorn.

Oh thou, who reverest a master above,
And sighest for glories immortal and high,
Be strong in believing, and steadfast in love,
When passion is loud, and the tempter is nigh:—
When infidels bid thee be false to thy Lord,
When they laugh at the Faith that ennobles and saves,
When they scoff at His people, and rail at his word,
Be thou to their wildness that rock in the waves.

Ay! stand like that sea-cliff, nor ask thou to shun
The work of obedience, the cares, or the cost:—
There are treasures of infinite price to be won,
There are treasures of infinite price to be lost:—
With the wiles of the tempter, his vengeance or mirth,
Strive thou as the bold and the faithful have striven,
And the sorrows and toils of thy warfare on Earth
Shall be paid in the peace and the raptures of Heaven.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

When Alaric the Goth was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A. D. 403,) by Stilicho the general of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and magnificence. A triumphal procession and a conflict of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators were then for ever brought to an end by TELEMACHUS, an Asiatic monk, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatre for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.

The streets are throng'd in mighty Rome,
  The gleaming ensigns spread,
While warriors march in triumph home,
  With firm and measur'd tread:
For, bow'd at last and forced to yield
On rough Pollentia's banner'd field,
  Stern Alaric—has fled:
His kingly pride, and Gothic powers
Lie crush'd beneath Verona's towers.

Those who once quail'd at that dire name
May now deride their foe,
And boast as if *they* shar'd the fame
Of glorious Stilicho,—
Of him who felt no craven fears
Rise at the flash of northern spears,
And struck no feeble blow,
But match'd, with trophies green and high,
The monuments of days gone by.

But, when the clear Italian sun
Pours down its noontide fire,
The trumpet speaks the games begun,
Which idle crowds admire;
And soon from barr'd and gloomy caves
Driven out by troops of stalwart slaves,
In grim and sullen ire,
Beasts, the wild brood of many a land,
Pace with loud rage the smooth bright sand.

Gætulia's lion, freshly brought
From scorch'd and desert plains,
And ravening tigers newly sought
On Parthia's waste domains;
Bears from the frozen Oder's mouth,
And panthers from the burning South,
Bred in old Nubian fanes,
Make there a stern and ghastly fray
For tribes more savage far than they.

But hark! the trumpet's warning peal
Is sounding as before,
And bondsmen clear, with staff and steel,
The red arena's floor;
The fainting brutes are swept away,
This sav'd to bleed another day,
That weltering in its gore,
And MEN, of martial frame and race,
Take with slow step the vacant place.

Two, chosen from the warlike throng,
Begin a deadly strife;
One a gray swordsman, scarr'd and strong,
One in the bloom of life;
This nurs'd where snows on Hæmus shine,
That torn from hills beside the Rhine,
From children, home, and wife;
And high-born matrons hold their breath,
All bent to see the work of death.

Their toil was fierce but short; and now,
Flung bleeding in the dust,
The Thracian waits, with pale cold brow,
The last and mortal thrust;
When rushing forth, till then unseen,
A swarthy pilgrim leaps between,
Strong in a Christian's trust,
And drench'd with blood, yet undismay'd,
Stays with fix'd grasp the uplifted blade.

A light smooth cross of cedar wood
The gentle stranger bore,
Long worn in holy solitude
On Syria's palmy shore;
"Romans" he said, "for HIM whose birth
Gave man blest hopes of peace on Earth,
Rise, and for evermore,
Servants of GOD in act and name,
Cast off these works of wrong and shame."

He ceased: a scowl like noon's eclipse
Spreads fast from seat to seat,
And fourscore thousand angry lips
Loud words of wrath repeat:
They rave and roar, as groves of pine
Wak'd on the Etrurian Apennine
When storms the tall crags beat,
Till, heav'd and troubled furiously,
Breaks in one surge that living sea.

The German leaves his task undone,
The Thracian creeps aside,
The swordsmen flee like herds that shun
Vex'd Arno's foaming tide;
But, as a pharos meets the shock
Of waves on some unshelter'd rock
Where seas are deep and wide,
TELEMACHUS look'd up, and trod
That post of danger true to GOD.

And, when the stony tempest burst
On his defenceless head,
He stood unshrinking as at first,
As free from doubt or dread:
With aspect full of peace and love,
As if he came from worlds above,
And hands in prayer outspread,
He laid him down, nor breath'd again,
Whelm'd by that host of vengeful men.

Yet deem thou not the martyr died
Warring for right in vain;
HIS WAS THE PRIZE FOR WHICH HE SIGH'D,
AND HIS THE ETERNAL GAIN:
Fierce Alaric shall yet return,
And Rome's fair dwellings blaze and burn,
Fill'd with red heaps of slain:—
Man's blood, pour'd out in wanton mirth,
Shall blast no more the ransom'd Earth.

"THE JOY OF THE HARP."

In the dayspring of life, when existence was gladness,
On the wide heathy mountains, apart from the throng,
I felt in this bosom the minstrel's sweet madness,
The pains and the transports of music and song;
And when morn, with its dews and its fragrance, was fading,
Though the cold and the worldly would cavil and carp,
I turn'd with new love from their harshest upbraiding,
To the sound that first charm'd me—the voice of the harp.

The names and the deeds, which are fairest in story,
The great and eternal, the just and divine,
The prophet's true words, and the martyr's pure glory—
Such thoughts in those hours of enchantment were mine;
And, when manhood was come, with its weary revealings,
No crowds could estrange me, no falsehood could warp:
I clave but the more to my boyhood's fresh feelings,
My boyhood's chief treasure—the wealth of the harp.

Nor, when age with its weakness and woe shall oppress me,
When the mist and the shadow shall close round me fast,
Though the present may vex, and the future distress me,
Will I cherish less warmly this light of the past:—
And when death the strong links, which now bind me, shall sever,
With a weapon thrice glorious, though searching and sharp,
Let me share, with the wise and the faithful, for ever,
The rapture of angels—"THE JOY OF THE HARP."

SANCTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN SONG.

"I will praise the name of God with a song."—Psalm lxix., 30.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—Isaiah xxxv., 10.

"Admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."—Colossians iii., 16.

"The harps of God * * * the song of the Lamb."—Revelation xv., 2, 3.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

MILTON TO HIS FATHER.

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

MILTON'S father was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was a man of liberal attainments. Like his son, he delighted and excelled in music.

YE tuneful waters, glad Pierian streams,
Take through this youthful breast your dewy way;
And thou fair fountain, born on Delphian heights,
Come down with all thy waves and bathe my lips,
That, leaving each less noble theme beneath,
My muse may soar, on broad and fearless wing,
To speak a son's meet reverence for a sire.

But know, thou best of parents, this my lay,
Pleasing to thee, aims at no work sublime;
And yet what gift could I more fitly bring,
In payment of thy rare munificence?
Great acts would vainly seek to match thy bounties,
Much less weak thanks set forth in empty words;
But this poor page records my whole estate,
This paper shows thee all my worldly store:

No wealth is mine save that which Clio grants,
Wealth gain'd by slumbering in deep twilight caves,
Among the laurel groves, that thickly shade
Parnassus' wild and solitary slopes.

Despise not thou the poet's work divine.
Song most of all commends ethereal natures,
Celestial seeds, and minds that beam through clay.
Song still retains the warm and lucid marks
Of that pure flame, which wise Prometheus brought
From starr'd Olympus:—all on high love song.
Immortal song can move the realms of death,
Can melt the stern and awful gods below,
And bind thin shades in threefold adamant.
In verse Apollo's fervid priestesses,
In sacred verse pale trembling sibyls weave
The dark events of seasons yet to be.
The priest, before the red and solemn altars,
Repeats some holy verse, when he strikes down
The tall sleek bull with wreath'd and gilded horns;
And, as he views the quick and smoking fibres,
He reads in verse the dread decrees of fate.
We, too, revisiting our native skies,
When time shall end in fixed eternity,
Shall go with crowns of gold through those high worlds,
Joining sweet numbers to celestial harps,
Numbers, with which those radiant fields above,
And either pole's convexity shall ring.

The eternal fire, that moves the circling spheres,
Chants, as it burns among sidereal hosts,
Undying notes, unutterable strains.
Touch'd by the sound, the torrid serpent checks
Its wrathful hissings; fierce Orion drops
His lifted sword, and sweetly dreams of peace,
While Mauritanian Atlas feels no more
His load of stars:—Song, ever glorious song,
Was wont to grace the lofty feasts of Kings,
Ere luxury, with riotous excess
In meat or wine, defil'd the social board.
The glowing minstrel, then a welcome guest,
His unshorn locks all wreath'd with leaves of beech,
Sang the great deeds of heroes, noble deeds,
Which all should make their own; told of vex'd chaos:
Harp'd of this grand and boundless universe,
Its firm foundations and its airy domes,
Of infant gods on primal acorns fed,
And thunderbolts unsought in Ætna's caves.
Oh, deem not idle this strange power of song:
Voices though rich, and symphonies though sweet,
Feeling though deep—what are they without words?
Mere sound befits untaught and savage men;
It suits not Orpheus, him who chain'd swift rivers,
Gave hard oaks ears, and forc'd the dead to weep:
His was triumphant song, not tuneful sound.

Look not with coldness on the sacred muses,
Nor judge them vain:—their skilful worshipper
Full oft *thou* marriest harmony to verse,
And pourest out a thousand melodies
Varied and rich, Arion's worthiest heir.
Then marvel not if heaven has destin'd *thee*
To be a poet's father; marvel not
If we, bound fast in love and one in blood,
Rejoice in kindred arts and like pursuits.
Phœbus divides himself between us two;—
Mine he proclaims the sacred gift of song,
And thine the witching force of melody:
We share the god between us, sire and son.

Though thou dost feign to hate the gentle muses,
Thou dost not hate them:—me thou sufferest not
To travel in the wide and beaten way,
Where hope discerns fair heaps of ruddy gold;
Thou dost not bid me seek ignoble gains,
From broken laws and feebly guarded rights,
Skill'd in the unblushing pleader's wrongful arts,
And doom'd to the rank forum's broils and brawls.
Resolv'd by culture to make rich the mind,
Thou biddest me leave the city's fever'd throng,
And dwell among Aonian streams and shades,
A blest attendant upon Phœbus here.

The common duties of a tender parent
I name not: greater themes demand my verse.
Thou, foremost in the rank of noble fathers,
Reckless of cost, didst open to my sight
The stately eloquence of the Roman tongue,
Old Latium's charms; and those majestic words
Which lofty Greeks have spoken, words that well
Might suit the mouth of Jove. By thee persuaded,
I sought and pluck'd the fresh gay flowers of France,
And mark'd the syllables so smooth and sad,
Which he, who dwells in Italy's warm vales,
Breathes from degenerate lips, his voice recording
Barbarian tumults and long years of strife.
Upheld by thee, I scann'd, with pleasant toil,
Those mysteries which Palestine's wise kings,
And minstrel prophets teach. All that high heaven
Holds in its deathless mansions; all that Earth
Sees spread below the skies; all that this air
Hides in its azure depths 'twixt Earth and Heaven;
All that lies buried in the dark abyss,
Beneath the swelling marble of the deep,
I now may search and learn, if learn I will:—
Knowledge beholds me from her broken cloud,
And gently bends her rosy lips to mine,
Unless I basely spurn her proffer'd kiss.

Go thou that, void of reason, dost prefer
The ancestral hoards of Austria's potent kings,
And ores that sparkle in Peruvian mines,
Compare *these* riches with thy wildest dreams.
What more could human father grant a son?
What more could Jove himself, were he to give
All short of heaven?—No fairer boon than this,
Had even the boon prov'd safe, did Phœbus grant
When trusting, to the rash young Phaëthon,
The Sun's bright chariot with the reins of day,
And that tiara rich in golden beams.
I nameless now, the least in wisdom's train,
Will sit amid green laurel and fresh ivy,
The victor's meed:—not long, not long, obscure
Will I go mingling with the slothful herd:
My track shall shun profane and vulgar eyes.
Away ye sleepless cares, complaints away!
Begone, foul Envy, with thy sidelong glance;
Stretch not thy snaky jaws, dire Calumny;
Fell brood, ye wield your terrors all in vain;
I scoff at your dominion: strong in heart,
I will securely tread my path on high,
Far from the lurking viper's deadly stroke.

And thou, the prop and shelter of my youth,
Since I may not requite thy generous deeds,
Nor meet thy bounties with a fit return,
Deem it enough that I do thus record,
In these true lines, thy virtues and my love,
Love ever burning in this heart of hearts.

Ye, too, my tuneful sports, my boyhood's songs,
If ye dare hope to reach far distant years,
Outliving your frail author's funeral pile,
Nor lost in the cold shades of black oblivion,
Go forth and bear, to many a coming age,
This father's name, and nobleness, and worth,
A light to beam on fathers yet unborn.

THE MOURNING FOR BION.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

The poet Bion was born at Smyrna, on the banks of the Meles, a river which Homer's residence or birth in Ionia had before ennobled. He wrote pastorals in the Doric dialect, lived in Sicily, and died by poison about the third century before Christ. The idyl of Moschus, which laments his death, is justly celebrated for its poetical imagery. It is also well fitted, by its tone of melancholy despair, to show us how much revelation has done for man in scattering the darkness which hung over the life to come.

Mourn, mourn, ye leafy dells and Doric waters!
Ye rivers weep for Bion, loved and lost.
Be sad ye plants; ye wide old forests, groan.
Breathe out your scents, O flowers, from drooping clusters.
Blush sorrowfully, ye roses: bow thy head
In beauteous woe, thou starr'd anemoné:
Sweet hyacinth, make now thy letters speak,
And let those characters, so fraught with grief,
More thickly fall on every shining petal.
Bion, the peerless melodist, is dead.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Ye nightingales, complaining in dark leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethusa,
The shepherd Bion lives and sings no more:
Say that with *him* our mirth and music fled;
Say that with *him* the Doric song expir'd.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Ye swans of Strymon, mourn beside your waves.
Chant, with low voice, a melancholy strain,
A wild and liquid strain, like that which Bion
Was wont to sing with lips that rivall'd yours.
Go, tell the young and fair Œagrian virgins,
Tell all the Nymphs by Bistonis' clear lake,
The Orpheus of the Dorian isle is dead.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
The darling of the herds no longer sings:
He sits no more beneath the broad lone oaks,
Weaving his verse, but, in the realms below,
Warbles for Pluto some Letheän hymn.
Our hills are mute; the wandering heifer pines,
And spurns the pastures of the fresh cool glade.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Apollo wept himself thy speedy fate;

Apollo wept thee, Bion; Satyrs griev'd,
And dark Priapus made loud moan for thee.
Pan seeks thy lay with sighing; fountain Nymphs
Did sob for thee in every greenwood shade,
And all their flowing crystal turn'd to tears.
In the tall rocks Echo deplores thy silence,
And sports not with thy strain: at thy departure
The trees all shed their fruits, the flowers all wither'd,
The milk no longer stream'd from the mild ewe;
The honey from the hive; in the wax'd cell
It darkly perish'd. Who would gather sweets
In that black hour when thy rare sweetness fled?

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Never beside the murmuring ocean-beach
Did dolphins grieve so loudly; never yet
So loudly did the plaintive nightingale
Mourn on the cliffs; never, in such deep sorrow,
Scream'd the shrill swallows on the desert mountains;
Not thus for sad Alcyoné called Ceyx:
Not the swift ciris on the gleaming billows,
Nor that strange bird which flies round Memnon's tomb,
With dirges for Aurora's warrior Son,
In fragrant valleys of the golden morn,
Ever sent up such piercing sounds of woe,
As when they mourn'd for Bion's early death.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
The nightingales and swallows, which he charm'd
And taught to speak, sat gather'd on the boughs,
Lamenting with each other: sorrowing birds
Of meaner tribes replied: nor ye forget,
In saddening tones, O doves, to mourn his fall.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Who now will draw glad sounds from thy mute pipe,
Thou thrice deplor'd? Who now will touch the reeds,
That whisper still of thy sweet lips and breath,
And still give out faint murmurs of thy lay?
We yield that pipe to Pan, though Pan, perchance,
Will fear to press *thy* syrinx with his mouth,
Lest he be judg'd to strive in vain with thee.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Lorn Galateä weeps thy music hush'd;
She that once came, entranc'd by those wild numbers,
And sat beside thee on the wave-worn shore:
Thou wast no piping Cyclops: him in haste
Fair Galateä fled, but smil'd on thee,
Rising in beauty from the foaming deep;
And now, forgetful of her ocean caves,
She sits in tears upon the lonely sands,
Or tends the flock which droops since thou art gone.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Shepherd, the Muses' gifts all fled with thee.
With thee the joys and hopes of youth departed,
And sorrowing Cupids weep around thy tomb.
Venus loves *thee* far more than that warm kiss,
With which she kiss'd Adonis as he died.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Most musical of streams, this second pain,
This pain renew'd, O Meles, must be thine.
Thy glorious Homer perish'd long ago,
That sweet Mouth of Calliopé; that son
Whom thou didst seek with floods that wail'd aloud,
With grief for whom thou filledst all the sea.
They bid thee now bewail another child,
They see thee wasted with a new regret.
Both were most dear to fountains: *that* did quaff
The pure deep wave of sacred Hippocrené:
This dipped his cup in sparkling Arethusa;
That sang of Helen, Tyndareus' fair daughter,
Of Menelaus, Atreus' valiant heir,
And that great chief whom seaborn Thetis bore:
This sang not wars and woes, but told of Pan,
And join'd smooth reeds, and milk'd his gentle flock:
He tended herds, and sang the cares of herdsmen;
He taught Love's wiles, and cherish'd Love's quick fire
Deep in his heart, and pleas'd Love's matchless queen.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Thee, Bion, all the noble cities mourn.
Ascra laments thee more than her own Hesiod;
Bœotia's woods long not for Pindar so.
Not thus the pleasant Lesbos wail'd Alcæus,
Nor Teos thus her lost Anacreon wept:
Paros in thee forgets Archilochus,
And Mitylené still desires thy song
Above her Sappho's. Every shepherd poet,
Whose mouth the Muses fill with lofty strains,
Thinks with wet eyes of thee thus early gone.
Thee, stricken in thy prime, Sicelides,
The light of Samos, weeps: thee Lycidas,
Whose laugh and jest made glad the bold Cydonians,
Recalls with tears: thee, where swift Hales flows,
In realms of Triopas, Philetas mourns:
Thee, by the sea-girt towers of Syracuse,
Theocritus deplores. I too for thee
Wake the loud dirges of Ausonia's sorrow;
I, not a stranger to bucolic song;
I, who receiv'd from thee that Doric verse,
Which thou didst teach, a rich inheritance;
I, whom thou honoredst above other men,
Leaving to them thy gold, to me thy lore.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Alas! alas! the mallows in the garden,

The low green parsley and the fresh crisp dill—
The frailest herbs, that wither, live again,
And spring with joy to meet a coming year;
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
Once dead, sleep senseless in the dark cold earth,
A long, long dreary sleep, that brings no waking:
Thou too shalt slumber, voiceless in the dust;
And yet the Nymphs forbid not the dull frog
To croak for ever in one hoarse harsh strain,
At war alike with silence and with song.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Did poison kill thee, Bion, did fell poison
Touch thy bland lips, nor lose its deadly force?
Who so deprav'd could mix that draught for *thee*,
Could hear thee speak, and then could see thee drink?
Who thus defied the magic of thy words?

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
JUSTICE FINDS ALL: Bow'd down in sore distress,
I grieve for thy sad fate; but, could I go,
As Orpheus went, to deep dark Tartarus,
As great Alcides, as Ulysses went,
I too would enter Pluto's dread domain,
To learn if there thou singest aught for Pluto,
And hear thy lay. Do thou to Proserpine
Repeat some old Sicilian pastoral;

Remind her of her own Sicilian birth,
And how she gamboll'd, warbling Doric odes,
In flowery vales of Ætna. She will greet
The welcome music of thy Doric strain,
Nor leave thy tuneful labors unrepaid;
And, as she once gave back Eurydicé,
Moved by the strings which weeping Orpheus swept,
She will relent, and send thee, too, O Bion,
Back to thy mountains. But, had I the power
To fill the speaking reeds, I fain would sing
In Pluto's halls, to bid thee live once more.

SPRING-TIME AND SONG.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

THE rains and storms of winter all are past,
And purple Spring is come with smiles and flowers.
The dark Earth now puts on its pure green crown
Of early grass: the tender plants arise,
Gay with young leaves: the radiant meadows laugh,
And blithely drink the bright fresh dews of morn,
Sweet morn, that fills the springing herbs with life.
The soft wind bears rich spoils from new-born roses.
The shepherd on the mountain-side is glad,
Waking his reeds; the goatherd sees with joy
His fair white kidlings frisking in the vale.
The mariner, far out on the wide sea,
Swells his broad canvass with light western breezes.
The rustic youth, in honor of that God,
Who loads with clustering grapes the fruitful vine,
Now bind their heads with flowering ivy wreaths.

Their own rare works supply the cheerful bees
With welcome toil. Lo, gather'd on the hive
In busy troops, the murmuring architects
Build up of sweet clear wax their fragrant cells.
The tuneful birds make music all about;
The halcyons by the wave, the quick loud swallows
Round the deep eaves, the swan beside the river,
The nightingale unseen in copse or grove.
And now, when plants unfold their tender leaves,
When flowers are all in bloom, when shepherds pipe,
And happy flocks are out on every field;
When sailors plough the deep, when Bacchus dances,
When birds pour melody from brake and stream,
And bees are humming at their pleasant labors,
Must not the poet, too, rejoice and sing?

SEA AND LAND.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

When the light wind sports on the summer sea,
I chide my fears and leave the sultry land,
Won by the smiling of those peaceful waters:
But, when the rous'd depths shout, when angry surges
Lift their white heads, and rough loud billows rage,
I look around for grass and trees, and shun
The vex'd salt waves. To me the steadfast shore
Is then thrice beauteous, and the wild dark wood
Pleases me best, for there, when winds are high,
The tall pine sings. A fisherman, methinks,
Leads a most dreary life, his house a boat,
His field the deep, and wandering fish his game.
Be mine to muse or slumber where the plane-tree
Spreads its fresh leaves; let *me* lie down on flowers,
Lull'd by the warbling of some swift bright stream,
Which, all unseen among the rocks and bushes,
Soothes the tired woodman and makes sweet his rest.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FROM THE GREEK.

These verses are named after Pythagoras, not as having been written by the Samian philosopher, but as exhibiting his moral system in a form at once brief and complete. They are, however, of great antiquity. To understand them fully, the reader must bear in mind that Pythagoras and his followers recognized, between the CREATOR and man, three classes of spiritual beings, Gods, Demons, and Heroes, and taught that they should all be worshipped as the laws might direct. Next to Heroes they ranked parents and lawgivers. They likewise believed that all things are controlled by Necessity, that numbers, especially the number Four, have mysterious properties; and that the human soul, proceeding from the SUPREME INTELLIGENCE, returns to Him, at last, after many cleansings and transmigrations. So great was the reverence which the Pythagoreans had for their master, that they frequently swore by him, of which practice an example occurs in this poem. These points alone seem to need explanation; and though, when examined in the light of Christianity, the doctrines of the Grecian sage are found to be defective and erroneous, we must still confess that, coming from the depth of heathenism, these "Golden Verses" are very remarkable.

FIRST, worship thou the never-dying Gods,
As reason bids, and sacred laws ordain:
Observe thine oath, revere illustrious Heroes,
And spirits wise and excellent on Earth,
Great souls whose edicts mark thou and obey.

Honor and love thy parents and thy kindred,
And make of others *him* thy second self,
Whose noble acts declare him chief in worth.
Yield to kind words and profitable deeds,
Nor hate thy friend for every slight offence.
Forgive, forgive him, if thou canst:—the power
Is often barr'd by strong *Necessity.*
Be thou full soon inur'd to curb and master
Gross appetite, sleep, anger, loose desires.
Do nothing base with others or alone,
And most of all have reverence for thyself.
In word and deed be thou severely just;
Cast off imprudence from thy breast and tongue,
And know that thou and all are doom'd to die.
Seek *now* to gather gold and *now* to scatter.
Of woes and pains, that come to mortals here
From Heaven's appointments, take thy destin'd portion
With lowly fortitude, nor once repine.
Heal sufferings if thou canst, but still be sure
Fate gives not many to the truly wise.
Words good and bad are in the mouths of men,
Which hear thou not with awe nor yet with scorn.
Endure with meekness falsehood boldly spoken,
And let this mind be seen in all thy ways,
That none by threats or blows, by frowns or smiles,
By smooth persuasion or by stern command,
Shall make thee say or do what is not best.

Think, and *then* act, lest shameful works be thine.
Fools speak and act, and then perchance reflect.
Aiming at that which brings no long repentance,
Dare nought in ignorance, but learn before,
What things each rightful enterprise may need:
Do this, and thou shalt spend a happier life.
Discreetly mindful of thy strength and health,
In meats, drinks, sports and labors, shun extremes:
Fair temperance bequeaths us no regrets.
Let all thy food be pure and sweetly simple;
Flee sordid meals and sumptuous luxuries:
Do nothing which can stir up wrath or envy,
Nor lavish wealth, reckless of place or time,
As one who spurns high thoughts and lofty deeds.
Yet, be thou not ungenerous:—keep, in all things,
The mean, the golden mean:—Do that alone,
Which harms thee not:—PLAN WELL AND THEN PERFORM.

When morning comes, and flushes the dark East,
Think thou what innocent labors claim the day,
Lest hours misspent leave but remorse behind;
Nor let soft slumber seal thine eyes at eve,
Till thou have *thrice* review'd each separate act,
Which mark'd thy moments since the rosy dawn.
Where have I sinn'd? What have I done? What duty
To man or God have I left unfulfill'd?
Note thus, from first to last, thy daily works;

Then, if those works were evil, chide and mourn them
But, if they lean'd to right, do thou rejoice.
This course pursue with ceaseless toil and care,
This try to love:—this, only this can place thee
In the bright track of pure and heavenly VIRTUE;
Yes, by that sage, who taught these souls of ours,
With learning from on high, the sacred FOUR,
Mysterious source of ever-flowing nature.
Begin thy task with earnest prayer for aid:
That aid once thine, all doubts and dangers end.
The frame and state alike of men and Gods
Shall thus reveal to thee their hidden wonders.
Thus shalt thou scan, with wisdom calm and deep,
The breadth and limits of created things.
Thus shalt thou see, so far as Heaven allows,
Nature the same in every age and realm
Of this wide universe, nor vainly wish,
For that which thou must never hope to win.
No lore shall thus evade thee:—thou shalt learn
How millions writhe in ills of their own choosing.
Unhappy mortals who, with good at hand,
Nor see nor hear it!—Few, alas, how few
Dream of deliverance from their endless griefs;
So dire a fate inthralls and blinds their souls.
As rollers wheel'd from rugged stone to stone,
They rush from woe to woe, nor once find rest.

Strife, inborn strife, still walks with them unseen,
Fretting their peace and troubling all their joys,
Strife, which to flee were more than triumph gain'd.
FATHER SUPREME, wouldst Thou but show weak man
What mind and state are his, Thou couldst remove
Sorrows which none may count, and all must bear.
Yet faint not thou who toilest here below,
Nor once despond:—man has a birth divine.
Nature for him unfolds her sacred page,
And fills his heart with wisdom:—Of that wisdom
If thou hast share, thou wilt hold fast for ever
These pearls of truth, these brief and wholesome counsels:
So shall thy soul have health, and thou repose.

Flee then the words, and thoughts, the meats and deeds
Which VIRTUE blames:—Be strong and choose aright,
In thy lustrations and thy soul's release.
Weigh well each act:—let thy best judgment rule
Within thy mind, a faithful charioteer.
So, when thou shalt put off those wasting limbs,
And pass afar into the free broad ether,
Loos'd from the bonds of frail humanity,
THOU SHALT LIVE ON IMMORTAL AND DIVINE.

THE MOST WELCOME SEASON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CLEODEMUS AND MYRSON.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

CLEODEMUS.

TELL me, O MYRSON, what is the one season,
Which thou wouldst choose in all the circling year:
What season dost thou most desire to come?
Is it the Summer, when our heaviest toils
In orchard, field, and garden, all are ended?
Is it the rich sweet Autumn, when our farms
Give us their wealth, and bid lean Hunger flee?
Is it the Winter, made for ease and mirth,
The frosty winter, when whole households sit
Round the warm hearth in festive idleness?
Or dost thou rather prize the beautiful Spring?
Say, MYRSON, which of these thy soul prefers:
An hour, spent here beside the forest brook,
On this fresh bank, invites discourse or song.

MYRSON.

It ill becomes us, frail and erring mortals,
To judge or blame the gifts or works of God:
They all are just and noble, fair and holy.
Yet, CLEODEMUS, since thou fain wouldst learn,
Thou shalt be told what season I love best.
I wish not for the Summer, when the sun
Must fiercely scorch me: Autumn often hides
Beneath its ripen'd fruits disease and death.
I fear to brave the dark and stormy Winter,
The time of ice and sleet, of rain and snow.
Would that the golden Spring, thrice loved and lovely
Were present with us through the long bright year!
Then cold and heat are both alike unknown,
Then all is life, then beauteous things burst forth,
And Heaven vouchsafes, with equal night and day,
To bless our toils and make our hearts rejoice.

A LAMENT FOR BISHOP ANDREWS.

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, eminent alike in ability, learning, and virtue, died on the 21st of September, 1626. The plague mentioned in this poem is that of 1625, which carried off more than thirty-five thousand inhabitants of London.

I SAT alone in silence and in sorrow,
For melancholy days had long been mine,
When, like some winter cloud that pours its hail
On blighted pastures, rose the sad remembrance
Of ills which wasting pestilence had brought
On this fair realm of England. Death has climb'd
The lofty towers of nobles, bearing high
His black funereal torch; strong Death has enter'd
Walls starr'd with gold and jasper, and mow'd down
Whole troops of satraps. I bethought me too
Of those in other lands whom all deplore,
Of Brunswick's Duke, and Mansfeldt's valiant Count,
True brothers in great deeds, doom'd each to burn
On his untimely pyre; I mus'd on heroes,

Brave men whom warlike Belgium lost and wept:
But, grieving most for thee, thou sacred chief,
Once deem'd of Winchester the light and pride,
With many a tear I breath'd this vain lament.

"O Death, thou next in place to ruthless Pluto,
Is it not then enough that the wide forest
Must feel thy wrath; that power to thee is given
Over the grassy meads; that, touch'd by thee,
The lily droops, the golden crocus withers,
The glad young roses fall? Wilt thou forbid
The giant oak, beside its own loved river,
To see the pleasant waters gliding by?
The birds, that range the waste and liquid ether,
Fate's airy prophets, fear thy bitter shafts:
To thee the beasts that prowl in pathless woods,
And those mute herds that wily Proteus keeps
In sunless ocean caves, all trembling haste,
A countless multitude, and own thy might.
Why then, most envious one, thy sway thus ample,
Wilt thou yet stain those hands with human gore?
Why rudely pierce the good man's noble breast,
And chase afar a spirit half divine?"

While thus I wept and wail'd, oppress'd with woe,
The dewy star of eve look'd smiling forth

From Western skies, and the refulgent sun,
His journey from the glowing East completed,
Had sunk beneath the wide and stormy sea,
Which breaks on high Tartessus. Worn and sad,
I sought escape from pain in balmy sleep:
But, when still night had seal'd my swimming eyes,
I roam'd at large a broad and fruitful land,
A land, whose rare and radiant loveliness
No words of mine can ever fitly paint.
That glorious realm was flush'd with purple light,
As far-off mountains redden with the dawn;
And, as when rainbows open all their treasures,
So blaz'd the ground with rich and varied hues.
Not with so lavish wealth did Flora dress
The gardens of Alcinöus, sweet Flora,
She whom the West wind loved. Mëandering there
Rivers of crystal cleave the blooming plains,
Rivers, whose sands outflame the virgin gold,
Which the dark Tagus hides beneath its flood.
There the light Western breeze for ever wanders
Through blissful vales, the soft and joyous breeze,
Born in fresh fields of roses. Such, they feign,
In the rich East, fast by the sacred Ganges,
Gleams the proud dwelling of the Morning Star.
While, with deep wonder, straying in the shade,
I mark the clusters of the laden vines,
And all that heavenly clime, behold, our lost one,

He whom we mourn goes by me; from his brow
A strange effulgence beams; his long white robe
Flows, like a meteor, down to reach the gold,
That sandals his bright feet; about his head
A snowy fillet shines, and, as he walks,
The turf grows fairer, and the flowers rejoice.
Celestial hosts, with starry wings, applaud,
And the deep ether rings with the loud trumpet,
Which tells of triumph gain'd. Each chief of Heaven
Greets his new brother with embrace and song,
While ONE, of loftier brow and grander aspect,
Speaks to the righteous stranger these sweet words;
"Come thou, my son, and share the lasting joys
Of this thy FATHER'S kingdom; be thou freed
Henceforth eternally from toil and pain."
He ceas'd:—the bright troop beat their psalteries,
And at the sound my welcome vision fled.
I woke and mourn'd for sleep too soon departed.
May dreams like this, O God, each night be mine.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

This idyl, addressed by Theocritus to his friend Diophantus, is remarkable as the *one* ancient poem, in which the life of a Greek fisherman is described.

Want calls up all our arts, O Diophantus,
Want, of hard toil the teacher: wasting cares
Steal from laborious thousands needful rest.
When, with closed eyes, we seek from drowsy night
Some peaceful hours of sweet forgetfulness,
Grief comes in troubled dreams that ruin sleep.

Two fishermen, with hairs made white by time,
Lay down together, on the crisp dry sea-moss
Strown by the leafy wall, beneath a shed
Of woven boughs. Round them were loosely rang'd
Their implements of labor, rods, hooks, baits,
Cords, hairlines, weels, oars, sheepskins, snares of rushes
Fashion'd in many an artful labyrinth;
While, close at hand, upon its rough tall props,
Hung an old skiff, with sharp and rounded prow.

Under their heads were piled their scant sea-cloaks,
Garments and caps. This was their only wealth,
To fish was their *one* work. All else seem'd foreign
To that rude life: nor earthen pot was theirs,
Nor household dog. Far off from friends or neighbours,
They saw their days go past in loneliness,
Deep loneliness and hardship. Round their hut
On every side the loud sea dash'd and foam'd.
Short was their slumber, for, before the moon
Reach'd her mid course, stern tasks that never ceas'd
Rous'd them to labor. Straightway brushing sleep
From half-shut eyelids, those two guileless men
Drew from each other's hearts, in friendly speech,
The thoughts and words that form this simple song.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

They speak most falsely, who declare that nights
Grow short in summer, when Jove grants long days.
I have already look'd on countless visions,
And yet no dawn is glimmering. What is this?
Does memory fail to lend its wonted help?
These nights, methinks, are wearisome and sad.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Asphalion, thou dost blame the pleasant summer
With no just reason. Time for ever keeps

Its own swift changeless course, but vexing care
Can banish rest and make a night seem long.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Hast thou been taught to read the truth of dreams?
Mine was a joyful one, and I would gladly
Share it with thee. Partner in all my gains,
Be thou partaker of my visions too.
In shrewdness none surpass thee, and of dreams
He needs must be the best interpreter,
Whose clear strong mind can seize their meaning best.
Leisure is ours, for what could one do now,
Sleepless on this rough bed beside the waves?
And mark how brightly, through the floating mist,
The chéerful fire gleams from the Prytanéum,
To fishermen a sign of rare success.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Come then, since speaking thus can make thee happy
Tell thy true comrade all that thou hast seen.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

When, wearied with our toiling on the deep,
I laid me down at eventide to rest,
Not gorg'd with food, for thou rememberest well,
How light and frugal was our latest meal,

I climb'd, in thought, a tall and wave-worn cliff,
And sitting there, I watch'd full eagerly
The finny tribes. From my long fisher's rod
I shook the luring bait, which one huge monster,
Wide gaping, rush'd to swallow. Dogs asleep
All dream of bones or bread, and I of fish.
Torn by the barb he redden'd the bright waters,
And bent with wayward strength the slender reed;
While, with both hands I wag'd a doubtful strife,
Resolv'd to draw my noble prize ashore,
Yet fearing that the thin worn steel must break.
Then, mindful of his wound, I said, "shalt thou,
Thus piere'd thyself, elude and conquer *me?*"
But soon I pluck'd my vanquish'd captive in,
With this right arm, and saw the struggle over.
I brought to land a great and golden fish,
Ay! one all cased in gold. Awe straight oppress'd me,
Lest this might prove the favorite of Neptune,
Or treasure of the beauteous Amphitrite.
Lifting him softly from the crimson hook,
Afraid lest the rich ore about his mouth
Might stick to the sharp steel, I drew him far
Up the dry beach with ropes, and loudly swore
That I would dwell henceforth on the firm land,
Nor set my foot again on the rude sea,
But revel as a prince with this my gold.
Those thoughts disturb'd my bosom, and I woke;

And now, my friend, advise me well and soon,
For that rash oath yet fills my soul with dread.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Be not afraid: thou didst not swear at all;
No fish of gold was caught or seen by thee.
Visions are false. If thou wilt closely search
That self-same place by daylight and awake,
Thy dream may do thee good. Go, seek forthwith
An eatable fish, lest, all misled by shadows,
Thou yet die starv'd, though rich in golden dreams.

THE DISTAFF.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

Theocritus, when about to sail from Syracuse to Miletus, wrote this idyl on the distaff which he took with him, as a gift for Theugenis, the wife of his friend Nicias the physician.

PURE distaff, form'd for spinning, holy gift
Of blue-eyed sage Minerva, thou dost well
Befit those matrons, whose unwearied worth
Makes houses prosper. Go, then, forth with me
To famed Miletus, Neleus' ancient City,
Where the tall fane of Paphian Venus stands
Among the reeds. Thither I beg of Jove
A swift and happy voyage. There I long
To taste the joys of meet companionship
With Nicias, whom I love, a sacred branch
Of tuneful graces. Thee so finely carved
By skilful hands, from choicest ivory,
I fain would guard for Nicias' peerless wife:
With her thou shalt accomplish many a work
Of household thrift, stout webs to wrap the limbs
Of strong and valiant men, and light blue robes,

Like some smooth reach of hush'd Ionian seas,
For sweet Ionian maidens. Twice a year,
May gentle ewes their soft white fleeces yield,
In pastures where the slow Mæander strays,
For blooming Theugenis, since she contemns not
Those frugal cares, those chaste and quiet toils,
Which virtuous matrons prize. I would not send thee
To some ignoble home of sloth and pride,
Thee sprung from my blest land. Thy place of birth
Was Syracuse, renown'd for blameless men,
Great Syracuse, which, in the days of old,
Corinthian Archias built,—rich Syracuse,
The boast of all our wide Trinacrian Isle.
Hereafter, cherish'd at the stainless hearth
Of one well vers'd in that beneficent art,
Which bids disease and wakeful suffering flee,
Thou shalt dwell nobly where Ionians throng
The streets of proud Miletus. Theugenis
Shall sit among the fair Milesian dames,
Holding a well-wrought distaff, and do thou
Remind her of the guest from Arethusa,
That honor'd in his heart both her and song.
Looking on thee, let friend say thus to friend,—
"A little gift has no mean grace. All things
Are precious, when they speak of truth and love."

HERCULES AND HYLAS.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

This idyl was addressed to Nicias the physician.

NOT for *us* only, Nicias, as we thought,
Was born a child to Love's immortal sire,
Whatever god may claim Love as his own:
Not for *us* first do beautiful things look fair,
Us, who may breathe to-day but see no morrow.
Amphitryon's son, with heart of stubborn brass,
He, that withstood Nemea's forest-king,
Loved blooming Hylas, rich in curls of gold;
And, as a father trains some only darling,
Whose dawn gives promise of a radiant day,
He taught him all those arts, which made himself
The first in valor, and the chief in fame.
The boy left not his side at sultry noon,
Or when Aurora, with her swift white steeds,
Scal'd Jove's high realms, or when the murmuring brood
Went to their rest, what time the parent bird

Shook her loose wings upon the smoky perch.
Alcides ever toil'd that one so dear,
Bow'd to the yoke, nor swerving from the track,
Arm'd with great thoughts, and exercis'd in virtue,
Might prove at last, in word and deed—A MAN.

But, when brave Jason, Æson's noble heir,
Sail'd for the fleece of gold, when warlike chiefs,
The lights of Hellas, drawn from all her states,
Pursued with him the prize of high renown,
Then Hercules, Alcmena's hero son,
Went with glad Hylas to the rich Iolcos,
And climb'd the sacred Argo, that good ship,
Which fail'd not, when the stern Cyanean crags
Closed on her billowy path, but boldly swept
The dark vex'd strait, like some far-swooping eagle,
And, bidding those black cliffs stand fast for ever,
Won the deep Phasis through the wrathful main.

When now the Pleiades arise, and lambs
Feed on the farthest pastures, when the spring,
Wearing away, must soon give place to summer,
Those godlike men, the flower of Grecian heroes,
Are mindful of their voyage. Seated all
In that swift bark, and borne by southern gales,
Ere the third sunset dies on hills of Thrace,
They cleave the long and rock-girt Hellespont,
And moor their ship within the blue Propontis,

Where stout Cianian oxen drag the plough
Through deep broad furrows. Landing on the beach
At eventide, they spread an ample feast,
Some rang'd in goodly pairs, but more have gather'd
About one joyous board, for a smooth mead
Lies with its grass before them, and presents
Couches all fresh and sweet. These, mowing down
The flowering rushes and the tall sharp sedge,
Make of the fragrant heap one festive seat:
But Hylas pushing back his golden curls,
Hastens, with brazen pitcher, from the shore,
To bring cool water for two mighty chiefs,
For Hercules and Telamon, who sat,
Like faithful brothers, always at one board.
Full of wild mirth, the boy goes bounding on
Through purple flowers, and quickly sees a fountain
Shut in by gentle slopes. Around it crowd
The spreading bent, and dark-blue celandine,
Dry maiden-hair, moist parsley, all green herbs,
That rise on dewy banks; but, in its depths,
The Nymphs have rang'd their band—the wakeful Nymphs
Whom artless rustics dread, Eunoica, Malis,
And fleet Nycheia, beautiful as Spring.

While now the youth lets down his large bright urn,
Eager to dip it in the sparkling wave,
All these together grasp his out-stretch'd hand,

For sudden love of that fair Argive boy
Kindles their souls. Pluck'd from the flowery brink,
He falls at once into the clear still waters,
As some red star drops from unclouded skies,
Into the cold dark sea. Meanwhile the pilot
Spoke from the broad-wing'd Argo's airy poop:
"Unmoor the ship, make sail, ye mariners,
For welcome breezes blow." The joyful Nymphs
Then laid their captive on their knees, and strove
To chase with soothing words his grief away;
But Hercules, when Hylas came not back,
Burst madly forth, bearing, as Scythians bear,
In his left hand a bow, while in his right
He swung his own tough knotted club. Three times
He shouted "Hylas," in a voice as loud
As *his* deep throat could utter. Hylas thrice
Did answer, but the sounds came faint and low
From the dark waters, and, though close at hand,
He seem'd far distant. As a bearded lion,
A fierce and famish'd lion, that has heard
A fawn's weak cry remote on desert hills,
Springs from his lair to seize a ready prey,
So Hercules, rushing through rough wide brakes,
Sought the lost youth. Alas, for those who love!
What ills he brav'd, among the woods and mountains,
In that drear search! Jason and Jason's tasks

Were nam'd no more. In vain the seaward bark
Stood with her sail-yards swinging at the mast,
And youthful shipmen clean'd the decks at midnight,
Waiting for Hercules. He roam'd the waste
With torn and bleeding feet. Love, ruthless Love
Bent his great heart, and left him no repose.

Thus Hylas, peerless in his early bloom,
Is rank'd among the blest and deathless gods;
But all his mates long deem'd the chief of heroes
A false deserter of his ship, the *one*
Who left, ere danger came, the well-bench'd Argo.
Yet Hercules prov'd still the first of men,
For, crossing many a rude and hostile tribe,
He reach'd alone on foot the perilous land,
Where Colchian Phasis winds its full pure stream.

THE BARD OF O'CONNOR.

PHELIM O'CONNOR was defeated and slain at Athunree, by WILLIAM DE BURGHO, on the 10th of August, 1315. EDWARD the Second then reigned in England. The last stanza can be applied, with justice, only to the Ireland of the past.

HE stood before young Edward's throne,
The chief of Erin's minstrel band,
O'Connor's bard, unpriz'd, alone,
A captive in the stranger's land;
But still he laugh'd in fierce disdain,
And weav'd full oft a scornful verse,
Unmindful of the spoiler's chain,
And heedless of the foeman's curse.

He look'd on England's cross reveal'd,
When hosts went forth in martial pride,
And thought but of the distant field,
On which his king and kindred died:
He gaz'd on England's great and fair,
In many a proud and banner'd hall,
But saw no grace or glory there:
He mus'd but on his country's fall.

Who shall that wayward captive blame
Or marvel that his soul abhorr'd
Stern men who loved but steel and flame,
Apostles of the torch and sword;
Men, whom his sires had ever seen
Where bonds were forg'd and blood was spilt;
Whose gift to him and his had been
Long, joyless years of strife and guilt?

He wak'd, at last, a glorious song,
A strain of ages passed away,
While yet O'Connor's house was strong,
Nor fear'd De Burgho's iron sway;
He thought of Erin, spurn'd and crush'd,
Her mightiest sons, the chain'd, the dead,
And, ere the trembling chords were hush'd,
That minstrel's lofty spirit fled.

Nor, Erin, thou *his* loss deplore,
Nor at *one* heart's quench'd hopes repine:
His was the fate of thousands more,
The blight which lies on all that's thine.
The galling bond, and rebel's tomb,
Have ever been, and yet must be,
The sole reward, the certain doom,
Of him who dares to feel for thee.

A SOLDIER'S TALE OF LOVE.

The wild rose laugh'd in its early bloom,
The blossom hung on the brier and broom,
And the breeze came stealing a rich perfume
From the thyme and the purple clover;
The clear moon look'd on the grassy dell,
The field was hush'd, and the fresh dew fell,
When I bid young Edith a last farewell,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.

We sat by the cottage far down in the vale,
And we talk'd of the morrow, with sighing and wail,
The morrow, which call'd me from fair Innisfail,
And the skies which bend weeping above her.
Sweet daughter of Erin, I see thee yet;
Thy brow was pale, and thy cheek was wet:
Long years have fled, but I never forget
That grief of the days which are over.

Time pass'd: I was warring with ball and brand
Where Wellesley led in the Spaniard's land;
And I seem'd, when arm'd with the soldier band,
A stern and a careless rover;
But often, chill'd on the midnight watch,
I thought of the roof, and the flowery thatch,
The speaking smile, and the lifted latch,
That I loved in the days which are over.

When the foeman fell, and the volley'd roar
Of his battle thunder was heard no more,
I trod rejoicing on Ulster's shore,
With the pride of a victor lover.
I sought her dwelling: the flowers were strown;
Her gray sire wept at his hearth alone:
She was sleeping under the church-yard stone,
Whom I loved in the days which are over.

A TONGUE FOR HIRE.

A SONG FOR THOSE "WHO JUSTIFY THE WICKED FOR REWARD."

A TONGUE FOR HIRE! who comes, who comes
To fee this weak but mighty thing?
You call for trumpets, fifes and drums,
When war's loud storm is gathering;
But when did trumpet, drum or fife,
Bassoon or bagpipe, steel or fire,
Avail like *this* in scenes of strife?
A tongue for hire! a tongue for hire!

Art *thou* the man of practis'd guile,
Whom moral triflers name a cheat?
Is all, that *they* deem gross and vile,
In *thy* sound judgment fair and sweet?
Is thine a load of guilt untold,
A conscience fill'd with bodings dire?
Fear not if thou hast GOODS or GOLD:
These, these command a tongue for hire.

Hast *thou* withheld a brother's right,
And stain'd thy hand with ink or blood,
Pillag'd and burn'd a house by night,
Or spoil'd young virtue's bloom and bud?
Those noble works thou shalt not rue,
Though fierce assaults thy patience tire:—
We still can swear or buy thee through:
Such conquests grace a tongue for hire.

What, though some stubborn witness rise,
A man of rude and rustic ways,
Some quaint old wretch that never lies,
But prates of justice, kneels and prays!
Should his plain statement threaten woe,
Thou shalt not dread the graybeard sire;
We two will rend and vex him so.
What blade stabs best?—A tongue for hire.

If judge and jury both condemn,
Pressing thy freedom or thy throat,
No hurt shall reach thy garment's hem,
If thou have kept thy—purse or vote.
Stern governors grow bland or blind,
When these their present aid require,
As thou let loose from gaol shalt find.
What breaks all bonds?—A tongue for hire.

Nor shalt thou wither in the shade,
When sav'd from harsh and heartless laws:
Thou shalt the purest then upbraid,
And win the people's warm applause.
Thou then shalt lecture, rail, declaim,
An eloquent knave, whom all admire;
Shalt turn to coin past deeds of shame,
Thyself, head, hand, and tongue, for hire.

Ye too that *now* but muse on crime,
Afraid lest men your thoughts discover;
Come, freely choose your place and time,
And let us talk *such* matters over.
Strong hints, you know, must serve before,
Lest we your lawless plans inspire:
That knowledge is forbidden lore,
Which most befits a tongue for hire.

And mark, what we with pride confess,
That, since it touch'd a wisdom tooth,
This tongue has learn'd, with bold address,
To speak all earthly things but—truth.
If truth and want of cash be shown
By one who braves a foe's just ire,
That man must meet his doom alone.
We lend poor fools no tongue for hire.

THE FLOWER OF LEZAYRE.

SWEET daughter of the sea-girt land,
Fresh rose-bud bright with dew,
Farewell thy smile, thy fairy step,
And eyes of heaven's own blue;—
Farewell the voice, the low rich voice,
Whose whisper'd music stole,
More welcome than the sound of harps,
To charm and cheer my soul.
The tide, which calls me far away,
Now beats the rough worn steep;
The blast, that fills my seaward sail,
Now wakes the foaming deep.

Can I forget the pure delights
Once sought and shar'd with thee,
The ramble up the fragrant slope,
The walk beside the sea,
The search for all the buds and birds,
Which love the forest dell,
The plaintive songs which thou didst sing,
So wildly and so well;
The wisdom glean'd from some rare page,
Where wood-brooks fret and foam,
And dearer still, the sports and smiles,
The sacred joys of home?

Young melodist of green Lezayre,
I long must seek in vain,
Those radiant smiles and pleasant songs,
In realms beyond the main.
Full often will I breathe thy name
In many a crowded street,
In halls where festive lamps are lit,
And joyous households meet:
This heart will bear, through many a scene,
A deep and sore regret,
Dark, dark, as are thine own loved hills,
When golden suns have set.

Farewell! my treasur'd hopes of life
May pass in gloom away,
More fleeting than the lights of eve
On Ramsay's summer bay:
They may vanish, as the stormbow fades
On Brada's misty shore,
A sun-burst on a rainy cloud,
Which gleams and is no more;
But, whatever, in the years to come,
My path and place may be,
I still must think, sweet island flower,
Of Mona's vales and thee.

THE SWEDISH CECILIA'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou young world of the bold and the free!
How often, alone by the Baltic's rough side,
Had I long'd to look thus on thy people and thee,
But the waters between us lay wrathful and wide.
I had mark'd thy fresh glories aloft, as the snows,
Which are piled on some chief of the mountains afar;
I had loved the green land where a WASHINGTON rose,
The foremost in peace, and the foremost in war.

When the many were weak, and their spoilers were strong,
I heard thee named first in the bondsman's low prayer;
When the millions rush'd madly to battle with wrong
On the broad fields of Europe, thy spirit was there.
Yet learn thou, Columbia, from hamlet to State,
These words, the warm breathings of truth, ere we part;
I thought thee, while distant, both glorious and great,
But I judg'd thee less noble and blest than thou art.

Farewell! may thy future resemble the hours
Of my own Swedish summer, all gladness and light,
A season made heavenly by music and flowers,
Blue skies without tempest, whole weeks without night.
May thine be faith, justice, peace, wisdom and love,
And, from ocean to ocean, long, long may the sun
Behold, as he travels in brightness above,
THY HOUSEHOLD OF NATIONS THOUGH MANY YET ONE.

THE END.

Jan. 23 1861.

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